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DARLING NELLY GRAY.

There's a low green valley on the old Kentucky shore,
There I've whiled many happy hours away,
A sitting and singing by the little cottage door,
Where lived my darling Nelly Gray.

Chorus.

Oh, my poor Nelly Gray they have taken you away,
And I'll never see my darling any more,
I'm sitting by the river, and I'm weeping all the day,
For you've gone from old Kentucky shore.

When the moon had climb'd the mountain, and the stars were shining too,
Then I'd take my darling Nelly Gray
And we'd float down the river in my little canoe—
While my banjo sweetly I would play.

One night I went to see her, but "she's gone" the neighbors say,
The white man bound her with his chain;
They have taken her to Georgia, for to wear her life away,
As she toils in the cotton and the cane.

My canoe is under water, and my banjo is unstrung,
I'm tired of living any more;
My eyes shall look down, and my songs shall be unsung,
While I stay on old Kentucky shore.

My eyes are getting blinded and I cannot see my way,
Hark! there's somebody knocking at the door;
Oh, I hear the Angels calling, and I see my Nelly Gray;
Farewell to old Kentucky shore.

Chorus.

Oh, my Nelly Gray up in heaven there they say,
That they'll never take you from me any more,
I'm coming, coming, coming, as the angels clear the way,
Farewell to the old Kentucky shore.

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